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THE YOUNG CULPRIT CONFESSING HIS FAULT.

**JULIA CUNNINGHAME;**

OR, THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

CHAPTER IV.—AUNT GRAHAM.

"Never too gay, nor yet too melancholy;  
A heavenly mind is hers, like angels' holy."

CLEMENT MAROT.

No. 249. 1856.

"AUNT GRAHAM'S coming this evening," said Ellen, as she stood by nurse's side, holding a skein of cotton which she was winding.

"Aunt Ga'am's tuning," repeated little Jessie.

SS

"Who is Aunt Graham?" asked Harry, inquisitively.

"Aunt Graham is a nice kind lady, Harry," answered Julia. "She is very fond of little children, and very good to them; but she is not very well, so I hope you will try, dear Harry, not to be noisy or rude when you come into the drawing-room; will you?"

"Yes, I will try; but, Julia, will she talk to us, and tell us tales, like you do?"

"Sometimes, perhaps; but, Harry, do try not to be boisterous; remember what papa told you this morning when you threw little Jessie down, that there were gentle boys as well as gentle men; do you recollect?"

"Yes, I do; but, Julia, it seems soft and silly for boys and men to be gentle. I like fine bold fellows, like Bruce and the Black Douglas, that you told us about the other day."

"You don't think papa 'soft and silly,' do you, Harry?"

"No, not at all."

"But still he is very gentle, especially to those who are younger or weaker than himself. Think how kind and quiet he is when mamma is ill, and how tender he is when he plays with Jessie. It is very possible, Harry, for a boy to be manly, and yet to be gentle and quiet. Now I must go; but don't forget what I've said—there's a good boy."

"No, I won't; I'll try and be quiet, Julia; but I hope some day, when I'm grown up, I shall be a soldier or a sailor, and then I can be as rough as I like. Good-bye; do give me a kiss, Julia."

After she had left the nursery, Julia went into the room prepared for her aunt, to look round and give a finishing touch to Susan's arrangements. Toilet covers, towels, and soap were wanted. These were soon procured, neatly laid in their respective places, and then all was ready for her visitor.

The evening brought Aunt Graham; and while the first bustle of a new arrival takes place, we will seize the opportunity of introducing her to our readers. Picture, then, to yourselves a rather tall, elderly lady, with a fine intellectual brow, still smooth and unwrinkled; calm, intelligent eyes, beaming, whenever she spoke, with benevolence and sympathy, and a small, beautifully-formed mouth; a tinge of melancholy in the expression of the face, tempered, however, by a mixture of sweetness and *naïveté*; her manners easy, graceful, and dignified, and her whole demeanour betokening the perfect lady. There had been a time, many years before, when Mrs. Graham was proud and high-spirited but now the meek Christian predominated in her words and actions, and no trace remained of the once haughty young beauty. Affliction is a painful school; its lessons are often sharp and bitter; but, oh! how blessed, how subduing, how mellowing their effects, when sanctified by the teachings of the Holy Spirit.

Poor Mrs. Graham! she had made idols, and had found them clay; she had bestowed the priceless treasure of a noble and loving heart upon one utterly unworthy of it, upon one utterly incapable of appreciating its value. She had seen, too, four beautiful children grow up to youth and the verge of maturity beneath her fond and devoted care, and

had then watched them one by one fade away before her eyes. These lessons had been agonizing and soul-subduing; but they had humbled the proud spirit, and chastened the wild impetuous affections, and had worked "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." So that she could now say, with the quaint yet holy Herbert,

"My thoughts and joys are all packed up and gone."

Bereaved and desolate, she waited patiently and submissively for her own summons to depart, and passed the time of her sojourning here in seeking to be a blessing and a comfort to all who came within the sphere of her influence.

Universally beloved and admired, she had a wide circle of friends, to whom she was ever a welcome visitor. To her trials, however, she seldom adverted. She had learned to "sit alone" and weep, and with *her*, affliction was too sacred a thing to be indiscriminately confided even to those whom she loved and respected. A wounded spirit had been her painful portion, and this had been carried to the Great Physician, and healed by his own loving hand; and now, though with a shaded brow and chastened soul, she was enabled to go on her way happy, nay, at times rejoicing. Cheerful, and even sprightly in her manners, few (not intimately acquainted with the depth of her affections, and the amount of her sufferings) would have imagined the desolate void within—a void never to be entirely filled, until God himself should restore her lost ones, and reunite them in perfect holiness and purity.

By Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Graham was beloved and esteemed in no ordinary degree; and though of late years the interchange of visits had almost ceased, they had continued to carry on a constant and affectionate correspondence. Julia, on her part, was prepared to regard her aunt with the warmest feelings of respect and love, and her gentle and delicate attentions, though they mournfully reminded Mrs. Graham of her own departed daughters, were most grateful and soothing to her heart.

"I am delighted with your dear girl," she said to Mr. Cunningham one evening, while Julia was absent in the nursery; "there is something exceedingly promising in her quiet unaffected manners, and her evident attachment to home and its inmates."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Cunningham, with evident satisfaction; "this is an important era in Julia's life, and we are most anxious that all her present associations and employments should be such as to exert a good and desirable influence in the formation of her character."

"Which is now in process of development," said Mrs. Graham, thoughtfully.

"Just so," replied her nephew: "her habits, tastes, and principles are now being formed for life; and how important that, during the pliable and yielding susceptibility of youth, they should receive, and consequently retain, a right and correct bias."

"It has often struck me," said Mrs. Graham, "during my visits among my friends, that the generality of girls about Julia's age are sadly neglected; I mean as regards the improvement of

the mind and principles. They are looked upon as having finished their education, and consequently as being quite fitted to take their place in society; whereas the most important part of education, in nine cases out of ten, and perhaps oftener, has not even commenced; for, as Locke most judiciously observes, 'The business of education is *not* to perfect a learner in all or any one of the sciences, but to give his mind that freedom, that disposition, and those habits, which may enable him to attain any part of knowledge he shall apply himself to, or stand in need of, in the future course of his life.'

"Locke has some admirable ideas with respect to education," remarked Mr. Cunninghame, when his aunt had finished speaking; "he is a favourite author with me; his arguments are so sound and well founded, and his reasoning so admirably conclusive, that I know no book which I would sooner place in the hands of young persons than Locke's. Let them only become thoroughly imbued with his views on the management of the understanding, and I feel convinced that, even with an ordinary share of mind, they will never be satisfied to remain ignorant and illiterate."

"Many young ladies would start at the idea of reading Locke," said Mrs. Graham, smiling; "the thought of wading through a metaphysical discussion would quite overwhelm them. The other day I happened to recommend D'Aubigné's 'Reformation' to some young ladies with whose parents I was staying, but after they had looked over it for a few minutes, it was soon cast aside; it evidently did not suit either taste or capacity, both of which had been vitiated and weakened by constant novel reading."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Cunninghame; "that fascinating book! One would think that the most arrant novel readers, possessed with but an atom of mind, could not but be captivated by D'Aubigné's brilliancy of style, and his singular vividness in description; but, alas! our poor young ladies are most of them little better than grown-up babies, amused and diverted by the merest trifles, and living only to follow the gratification of the present hour. Oh! for a voice to arouse their sleeping faculties, and to constrain them to assume their proper and lawful position in our homes and hearts! But the case is hopeless; the amount of evil seems like an overwhelming torrent."

"Not hopeless, my dear nephew," said Mrs. Graham; "your view is rather a desperate one. I acknowledge that *many* young girls *mournfully* answer to your description; but *all* are not such. Many young creatures are really adorning their domestic positions, and beautifully filling their respective spheres. Look at your own Julia: where is *her* heart fixed, and her fondest affections garnered?"

"She is here to answer for herself," replied Mr. Cunninghame, as his daughter at that moment entered the room. "She is here to answer for herself," he repeated, playfully, putting his arm round her, and drawing her towards him.

"What is it I have to answer, dear papa?" asked Julia, fondly kissing her father's cheek.

"Aunt Graham wishes to know, my love, whether you are happy at home?"

"*Very* happy, Aunt Graham," said Julia, in a quiet but emphatic voice, as she quitted her father's side, and knelt down by Mrs. Graham. "Did you think I was unhappy, aunt?"

"By no means, my dear child; the truth was, that I was contrasting *your* evident delight in home and all its associations and pleasures, with the indifference which many young ladies manifest to the wishes and feelings of their nearest friends."

At this moment the little ones came in to say "good night," and so the conversation terminated. The next morning, while Julia was quietly sitting in the school-room, after having dismissed her pupils, Harry burst into the room, looking very pale and very frightened.

"Harry, what *is* the matter? how pale you look! speak, dear Harry, and tell me."

"Oh! Julia, I've done such dreadful mischief; what shall I do?"

"Tell me at once what you have done, Harry."

"Papa sent me into his study to fetch something; and, oh! Julia, I really forgot that I had been told never to touch anything there."

"And what then, Harry?"

"You know that beautiful large white thing under a glass, that came the other day?"

"Yes, the model of Jerusalem. Oh! Harry, you have not broken it?"

"Oh! yes, I have, Julia, all to pieces."

"Oh! Harry, how was it?"

"I wanted to look at it a little nearer, and so I got upon a chair, and pulled it across the table; and while I was looking at it, I thought I heard some one coming; so I got off the chair very quickly, and my foot was caught in the table-cloth, and it slipped off the table, and that beautiful thing with it, and there it is lying on the floor all in bits," sobbed poor Harry, as he hid his face in Julia's lap.

After a few moments he looked up again, and asked:—

"What must I do, Julia? do tell me."

"Go and tell papa at once, Harry."

"Oh! I can't, I daren't; how angry he will be!"

"I know he will be sorry, Harry, because that model is very beautiful, and very valuable too; but I am sure if you confess it at once, Harry, he will not be so angry as if you tried to hide it."

"Will you tell him instead of me, Julia?"

"You had better tell him yourself, Harry; I am sure he would rather."

"But I am so frightened, I can't; I'm sure I can't; do tell him for me, dear Julia."

"Harry, do you remember what you said the evening we were expecting Aunt Graham?"

"No, I don't recollect. What was it?"

"You were admiring Bruce and the Black Douglas, because you thought them such fine bold fellows. Why did you like them so much?"

"Oh! because they fought so bravely; they didn't seem afraid of anything."

"And yet, Harry, though you admire their courage so much, you are afraid yourself of confessing your fault to papa."

"I shouldn't be afraid of fighting if I was big enough; but this seems a great deal harder, Julia."

"Because, Harry, it is sometimes more difficult

to be courageous with the mind than with the body."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Shall I tell you a little story?"

"Yes do, dear Julia."

"There once lived, in America, a very good and clever man, called Washington. He was a great general, and very brave and courageous. When he was quite a little boy, he had a small hatchet given to him, with which he was very much pleased, and he went into the garden chopping everything that came in his way, without considering the mischief he was doing. Presently he came to a beautiful little cherry-tree, of which his father was very fond, and he no sooner saw it than he began to chop the trunk; and he went on chopping till the tree was quite spoiled, and in that condition he left it. Ere long his father came into the garden, and when he found his beautiful cherry-tree quite ruined, he felt extremely vexed, and determined to find out who had done it. As he was walking along, he met his son, with the hatchet in his hand. 'George,' he said, 'do you know who has spoiled my cherry-tree?' The little boy hesitated for a moment, and then said, as he looked into his father's face, 'I can't tell a lie, papa; I did it with my hatchet.'"

"What a fine fellow!" exclaimed Harry, straightening himself to his utmost height, while his eyes sparkled with admiration. "What did his father say? did he forgive him?"

"He took him in his arms and kissed him," continued Julia, "and then said, 'You have made my heart glad, George; I had rather lose a thousand cherry-trees than that my son should tell a lie.'"

"What a beautiful story!" cried Harry, when his sister had finished; "what a brave boy, Julia. I'll go this very minute and tell papa, before I've time to get frightened again; but do come with me, will you?"

Julia instantly rose, and, taking his hand, led him to the drawing-room, where they found Mr. Cunninghame and Mrs. Graham. Harry walked firmly up to his father, and, summoning up all his courage, said in a trembling voice: "Papa, I'm very sorry, but I've broken something in your study."

"What have you broken, Harry?" said his father, turning round and looking at his little son.

"That beautiful white city, papa, that came from London; it's broken all to pieces."

For a moment Mr. Cunninghame looked and felt greatly displeased; but there stood Harry, with flushed cheek and quivering lip; his confession had evidently cost a great effort, and the father felt, as he looked at the little culprit, that the beautiful germ of truth in his son's heart was only awaiting *his* decision to be either blighted or cherished. In a moment the transient irritation was over, and taking the boy's hand, Mr. Cunninghame said in a kind tone: "I am very glad, Harry, that you have had courage enough to come and confess your fault. I am sorry that the beautiful model is broken; but valuable as it was, I would much rather lose it, than have you hide your fault or tell an untruth."

Poor Harry, quite overcome by his father's kindness, burst into tears, and sobbed out: "I'm

so sorry, papa—a great deal more sorry than if you had been very angry. I'll try never to meddle again, papa."

"Do, Harry, try to remember at the right time; meddlesome children are constantly doing mischief and getting into trouble. Now leave off crying, and try for the future not to meddle with what does not belong to you," said Mr. Cunninghame, as he left the room with Julia.

"Come to me, Harry," said Mrs. Graham, as the little boy stood wiping his eyes with his handkerchief. "I am so glad, my dear child, that you came to papa at once and told him the truth. How unhappy you would have been now, Harry, if you had tried to hide your fault! how frightened you would have felt every moment, lest it should be found out! Perhaps, too, your fear would have tempted you to tell an untruth, and that would have been very sad—don't you think so, Harry?"

"Yes, aunt; but I don't think I should have told papa, if I hadn't gone to Julia first. It was she that persuaded me to confess it. I wanted her to tell papa instead of me, but she said papa would be better pleased if I told it myself, and I think he was—don't you, aunt?"

"I am sure he was, Harry; and you feel more satisfied yourself, don't you?"

"Yes, I do now; but oh! I *was* frightened when I came in, and saw you both sitting here."

"Well, Harry, I am very glad that you have been able to gain such a victory over yourself. It is a noble thing to see a boy afraid to tell a lie, and willing to bear any punishment rather than be so mean as to hide or deny his faults."

Harry's heart swelled with pleasure at these words, and he began to feel that it was possible to be a hero without being either a soldier or a sailor. With all his impetuous activity, he was a grateful, loving little fellow, and, like most other boys of his character, very susceptible of gentle female influence. When he would have resented and defied stern harshness, his whole heart opened to a kind voice or an encouraging smile. Julia was very fond of her wild little brother, and was generally very patient and forbearing towards his thoughtless mischief. In return, Harry loved his sister dearly, and instinctively turned to *her* for sympathy in all his little troubles and perplexities. Love is a precious jewel, wherever it dwells; the love even of a little child is well worth possessing; and very sad it is to see it rejected and despised as worthless. Do elder sisters always remember this? do they seriously reflect upon the sad consequences of slighting and neglecting the little creatures, whose artless minds are so open to kindness, while they themselves are weeping over a sickly novel, or lamenting the dulness of every-day life? A selfish woman is the most unlovely thing in creation, and the most miserable. With all her thoughts, hopes, and wishes centred in self, how can she enter into the happiness of the loving, open-hearted being, whose delight consists in promoting the enjoyment of all around her—whose very presence is a sunbeam, because the law of kindness is in her heart and upon her tongue?

Mrs. Graham was a frequent invalid, and though she seldom complained, her pale cheek and languid eye often told a tale of weakness and suffering. While staying at Mr. Cunninghame's she had a



serious illness, which confined her to bed for more than a fortnight, and rendered her so feeble and helpless that she required constant nursing and attention. During this time Julia was her devoted and indefatigable nurse. Ever thoughtful and active, she anticipated every want, and by her intuitive tact and skill in the sick-room, verified the remark that "some women are born for nurses." The medicines were always administered exactly at the right time; and whenever Mrs. Graham felt the need of food, Julia was sure to make her appearance with something so temptingly clean and so nicely prepared, that of itself it was almost sufficient to create an appetite. A smile often passed across the pale face of the invalid as she watched the light young figure gliding so noiselessly about the room; and many an unseen tear stole down her cheek—a tribute of love and gratitude to Julia's affectionate care.

One morning, when Mrs. Graham was beginning to recover from the effects of her illness, Julia rose at her usual early hour, and, after dressing Jessie and taking her into the nursery, she went out into the garden. It was one of those lovely spring days when birds, beasts, and even flowers seem to rejoice in their existence; and as Julia walked rapidly along, occasionally stopping to gather a delicate flower or a dewy spray, her own heart felt so joyous and buoyant, that she could hardly refrain from breaking out, like the happy birds, into a burst of song. But with Julia, pleasure generally succumbed to duty; and when she looked at her watch, and found that it wanted but ten minutes to the breakfast hour, she hastened into the house to prepare her aunt's breakfast.

Though her complaint was subdued, poor Mrs. Graham was still suffering from the languor and depression so often consequent upon a serious fit of illness, especially in elderly persons. Her night had been weary and sleepless, and, as she lay turning to and fro and longing for the morning light, her thoughts had sometimes been melancholy and even painful, and her heart felt oppressed and sad. The long hours seemed to pass slowly and heavily, and her "weary ear, aching with night's dull silence," longed to hear some living thing astir in the house.

It is true that many pious and holy meditations were mingled with her sombre reflections; but still her soul felt cast down and oppressed, for there are seasons when the most spiritual Christians feel painfully conscious that a weak and suffering body is a clog upon the spirit.

Very pleasant was the cheerful tone of Julia's voice, when, quietly opening the door, she came up to the bedside with her aunt's breakfast. "Dear aunt, how pale and tired you look; you have had a bad night. Ah! I thought so; you want something, don't you? Shall I put the curtains back, and draw up the blind? It is such a lovely day, I think you would enjoy a short drive."

"Why, Julia, dear, you seem to have brought the sun with you," said Mrs. Graham, with a smile, as a bright beam streamed in through the window.

"It's hardly possible to keep him out to-day, aunt," said Julia, merrily, as she extinguished the night lamp, which was still burning, and took down a shawl to put over her aunt's shoulders.

It was a tempting little breakfast that Julia placed before the invalid—the fragrant cup of hot coffee, the newly-laid egg, and the nicely-made toast, all set off to advantage by the snow-white napkin, and a lovely bunch of dewy flowers. There is so much in the way of doing things; and a refined mind is always alive to this. Mrs. Graham felt it, as she kissed the little active hand that was so busily ministering to her wants, and looked into the clear blue eye in which love and sympathy were so beautifully expressed. Julia left the room, and Mrs. Graham was alone again, but the blessed influence of that little morning scene still remained, and the downcast spirit, which had been jaded and worn by sickness and pain, received a fresh impulse to gratitude and thankfulness. After another fortnight of careful nursing, and loving attentions, Mrs. Graham was sufficiently recovered to return to her own home, and accordingly the day was fixed, and preparations were made for the journey. Mr. Cunningham would not suffer his aunt, weak and delicate as she was, to travel alone; and, thankful for her nephew's presence and support, she willingly acceded to his proposal of accompanying her, he having overruled all the objections which she at first started, by stating that he had a little business to transact in the town near which she resided.

## A PILGRIMAGE TO MECCAH.

### I.—THE DISGUISE, AND ITS DISCIPLINE.

THE sacred cities of Mohammedanism, which the vigilant superstition and burning plains of Arabia have so long protected from the profane gaze of western travellers, have been recently penetrated by an adventurous soldier of our Indian army. Lieutenant Burton was well qualified both by nature and experience for so hazardous an enterprise; but there was one fatal barrier at the outset to a satisfactory conclusion. For such an expedition a disguise was requisite, which, to be effective, involved the assumption, not only of a foreign garb, but of a foreign faith; it was necessary, with the habits of civilized life, to lay aside also its modes of thought, and to assume the garb, and for a time the profession, of the Mohammedan faith. Now, valuing and appreciating as we do scientific research and adventure, we must on the outset emphatically protest against the use of such means. Science requires no such sacrifice from its friends; and if a well-filled purse, backed by European influence, and the courage and sagacity of its possessor, could not suffice, the undertaking, we think, ought never to have been attempted at all.

Lieutenant Burton's volumes,\* however, abound in information, and the graphic power and freedom of his style add greatly to their interest. An Eastern cast of countenance, and a familiar acquaintance with the customs and language of the country, enabled him to do safely what few others could have done at all; and the intimacy of his association with the natives gives a novel

\* Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah. By Lieutenant Burton. 3 vols. 8vo. Longman.

value to the results of his observation. We tell the story, but we protest against such wholesale violations of candour as such an expedition necessarily involves.

Early in the spring of 1853, Lieutenant Burton, under the auspices of the Geographical Society, sailed from Southampton in the magnificent screw steamer "Bengal." He embarked as a Persian prince, to accustom himself to the disguise by which alone he could hope to secure the objects of his pilgrimage, and to avoid an occasion of suspicion that rumour might afterwards retail to his disadvantage. The first fortnight was spent in endeavouring to get into the train of oriental manners; for what Chesterfield says of the difference between a gentleman and any one else is as applicable to the manners of the East as of the West. The use of the right hand, the manipulation of the rosary, the disuse of the chair, things unknown or peculiar to Europe, had to be recalled or forgotten. The simple operation of drinking water had to be elevated into a religious ceremony. Look, for instance, at an Indian Moslem quaffing a glass of the pure element. In the first place, he clutches his tumbler as though it were the throat of a foe; secondly, he ejaculates "In the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful," before wetting his lips; thirdly, he imbibes the contents, swallowing them, not drinking, and ending with a satisfied grunt; fourthly, before setting down the cup, he sighs forth, "Praise be to Allah!" the full meaning of which is well understood in the Desert; and fifthly, he replies, "May Allah make it pleasant to thee," in answer to his friend's polite "Pleasure and health!" Also he is careful to avoid the irreligious action of drinking in a standing position, mindful, however, of three recognised exceptions—the fluid of the Holy Well, water distributed in charity, and what remains after the lesser ablution.

By dint of a beard and shaven head, on landing at the Headland of Figs, the mingled herd of spectators were completely deceived, and when they heard the lieutenant's ejaculation, "Praise be to Allah, Lord of the (three) worlds!"—words which leave the lips of the true believer on all occasions of concluding actions—they whispered to each other in respectful accents that he was a Moslem. The better to blind the inquisitive eyes of servants and visitors during his sojourn in Alexandria, he accepted a lodging in the outhouse of a friend, where he could revel in the utmost freedom of life and manners. The domestics, devout Moslems, pronounced him to be an Ajemi, a kind of Mohammedan—not a good one like themselves, but still better than nothing. He lost no time in securing the assistance of a Shaykh, and, plunging into the intricacies of the faith, revived the recollections of former years, read the Koran, and became an adept in the art of prostration. After a month's hard study, he prepared to assume the character of a wandering Dervish, than which none was more suitable for disguise, as it had been adopted by all ranks, ages, and creeds. The Persian title "Mirza" was laid aside for the less doubtful one "Shaykh" Abdullah; and after an unlimited expenditure of broken English, a passport was obtained from the consul, declaring him to be an Indo-British subject, by profession a doc-

tor. Three or four days were then consumed in the endeavour to secure the Zubit, or police magistrate's counter-signature, and the lieutenant patiently submitted to official insolence and Asiatic ceremony, till his perseverance was rewarded with success, and he gained permission to visit any part of Egypt he pleased. The necessities for the way were next purchased: a rug to act as couch, chair, table, and oratory; a goat-skin to supplant the tumbler, the use of which, possibly fresh from pig-eating lips, would have entailed a certain loss of reputation; an umbrella, brightly yellow, like an overgrown marigold; in fine, everything down to the rag that supplies the place of dressing-case, containing a wooden comb—bone and tortoiseshell not being religiously correct—a bit of soap, and a nutwak, or stick of soft wood chewed at one end, generally used throughout the East, where brushes are avoided, as the natives suspect hog's bristles. A pair of common saddle-bags contained his wardrobe and "bed," easily rolled up into a bundle; and for a medicine chest he bought a pea-green box, with red and yellow flowers, capable of standing falls from a camel twice a day.

Towards the end of May, Lieutenant Burton, being duly equipped, set out for Cairo by the local steamer, which, during its passage of three days, grounded with painful regularity four or five times between sunrise and sunset. The scenery along the banks of the Nile had little novelty to compensate for the tediousness of the journey. Our Dervish squatted apart, smoking perpetually, with occasional interruptions to say his prayers and to tell his beads; he drank the muddy water of the canal out of a leathern bucket, and he munched his bread and garlic with a feigned sanctimoniousness. To him there was a double dullness in the place and time. The morning mist and noontide glare, the hot wind and the heat clouds, the pillars of dust sweeping like giants over the plain, the turbid waters of the stream, the mud huts peeping out from among patches of palm-tree, the yellow desert beyond stretching into the horizon—only served to recall the wanderings of former years through the plains of Sindh. It was a relief when the boat anchored at Cairo. The wakálahs, or caravanserais, being full, he accepted the invitation of a fellow-passenger, a native of Lahore, who had settled in the town, and took up his abode at his house. The monotony of semi-civilized life there in vogue soon, however, exhausted his patience, and drove him forth in search of other lodgings. Obligated to put up in the Greek quarter, he was fortunate in meeting another fellow-voyager, Haji Wali, whose advice and conversation were both welcome. The Haji had been a traveller, and had cast off most of the prejudices of his country; and, living under the same roof, the two speedily became good friends. At his kind suggestion, the lieutenant laid aside the Dervish's gown, the large blue pantaloons and the short shirt, in fact, all connection with Persia and the Persians. "If you persist in being an Ajemi," said he, "you will get yourself into trouble; in Egypt you will be cursed; in Arabia you will pay treble what other travellers do; and if you fall sick, you may die by the roadside." The choice of a nation was among the most difficult problems; for the first question

at the shop, on the camel, and in the mosque is, "What is thy name?" the second, "Whence comest thou?" After long deliberation, the lieutenant resolved to become a Pathan, or Afghan. To support the character required a knowledge of Persian, Hindostani, and Arabic, all of which he knew well enough to pass muster. At Alexandria he had commenced practising as an ordinary doctor; now he assumed the polite, pliant manners of an Indian physician, and the dress of a small Effendi (or gentleman), still representing himself to be a Dervish, and frequenting the places where Dervishes congregate. The Haji counselled the entire abandonment of this character. "What business," he would say, "have those reverend men with politics or statistics, or any of the information which you are collecting? Call yourself a religious wanderer if you like, and let those who ask the object of your peregrinations, believe that you are under a vow to visit all the holy places in Islam. Thus," he would add, with a dry laugh, "you will persuade them that you are a man of rank under a cloud, and you will receive much more civility than perhaps you deserve." The remark proved his sagacity, and the lieutenant, after ample experience, did not regret being guided by his advice.

After lodging himself in the wakálah, the next thing was to make a stir in the world. There is no royal road to medical fame. "You must begin," writes our practitioner, "by sitting with the porter, who is sure to have bleary eyes, into which you drop a little nitrate of silver, whilst you instil into his ear the pleasing intelligence that you never take a fee from the poor. He recovers; his report of you spreads far and wide, crowding your door with paupers. They come to you as though you were their servant, and when cured, turn their backs on you for ever. When the mob has raised your fame, patients of the better class will slowly appear on the scene. After some coquetting about 'etiquette,' whether you are to visit them, or they are to call upon you, they make up their minds to see you, and to judge with their eyes whether you are to be trusted or not; whilst you on your side, set out with the determination that they shall at once cross the Rubicon—in less classical phrase, swallow your drug. If you visit the house, you insist upon the patient's servants attending you; he must also provide and pay for an ass for your conveyance, no matter if it be only to the other side of the street. Your confidential man accompanies you, primed for replies to the fifty searching questions of the servants' hall. You are lifted off the saddle tenderly, as nurses dismount their charges, when you arrive at the gate, and you waddle up-stairs with dignity. Arrived at the sick-room, you salute those present with a general 'Peace be upon you' to which they respond, 'And upon you be the peace and mercy of Allah, and his blessing!' To the invalid you say, 'There is nothing the matter, please Allah, except the health;' to which the proper answer—for here every sign of ceremony has its countersign—is, 'May Allah give thee health.' You then sit down, and acknowledge the presence of the company by raising your right hand to your lips and forehead, bowing the while circularly; each individual returns the civility by a similar

gesture. Then inquiry about the state of your health ensues. Then you are asked what refreshment you will take; you studiously mention something not likely to be in the house, but at last you rough it with a pipe and a cup of coffee. Then you proceed to the patient, who extends his wrist, and asks you what his complaint is. Then you examine his tongue, you feel his pulse, you look learnedly, and he is talking all the time; after hearing a detailed list of all his ailments, you gravely discover them. If you would pass for a native practitioner, you must then proceed to a most uncomfortable part in your visit—bargaining for fees. Nothing more effectually arouses suspicion than disinterestedness in a doctor." What a picture have we here of oriental quackery! As for the lieutenant, his first successes were in the wakálah, on some Abyssinian slaves; and the Haji, in return for his civility, vaunted him everywhere as the very phoenix of physicians, so that his reputation speedily assumed the required proportions.

The Ramazan, with its dreary ordeal over, the mosques visited and carefully scanned, theological recollections revived, and disguise rendered easier, it was time to think of further movements. The store of necessities was replenished, a pilgrim's garb purchased, and a couple of dromedaries; then came the leave-takings; and at last, with Shaykh Nassur and some Bedouins of Mount Sinai as companions, and an Indian boy as his servant, Lieutenant Burton wended his way along the streets of Cairo, out into the desert beyond—with an eighty-four miles' ride before him, to Suez, and intent on making a forced march to test his powers of endurance at the outset. The dromedary breaks into a trot, and away they go. Above them is a sky terrible in its stainless beauty, and through the splendours of its pitiless glare comes the Simoom, caressing them like a lion with flaming breath. Around lie drifted sand-heaps, flayed rocks, and hard unbroken plains—a haggard land infested with wild beasts and wilder men—a region whose very fountains murmur, Drink, and away! The sight brightens, the fancy freshens, and the sublimity and perils of the scene fire all the energies of the soul. When the sun went down, they drew rein, and halted by a hollow for prayer. Here they unexpectedly found a Meccan boy, Mohammed El Basyuni, whose acquaintance the lieutenant had made at Cairo, and whose companionship, though previously refused, he was destined to have through all his wanderings. A beardless youth of about eighteen, clever, bold, but half-brave, eloquent in abuse, and profound at Mohammedan prayer, with considerable knowledge of the world acquired in travel, he afforded much amusement, and more than once proved of essential service.

After this short pause for prayer, the Bedouins reluctantly remounted, and the camels, now trotting, now walking, pursued their way till midnight, when they reached the central station between the two towns; here the whole party laid down to the jackals' lullaby, and slept soundly, with the bright moon watching overhead. At dawn the journey was resumed, and soon after nightfall, wearied and wayworn, they passed through the tumbling gateway of Suez.

## A DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.\*

How swiftly we rush along! as though our locomotive had just received a stimulative supply of alcohol, in lieu of water, to incite it to drag us bravely up the incline, whence, in an instant, we shall gain our first near glimpse of the Crystal Palace. See! like a vision of magic, its striking foreground and magnificent park come into view; whilst beyond them the Palace rises, wondrous in extent, yet so light and aerial in aspect, as almost to defy belief that it is a thing of solid substance.

A pleasant journey we have had by railway. Ere, however, the interior of the Palace is reached, a long walk awaits us, commencing with the gigantic flight of steps before us, leading from the trains to the ticket-taking entrance. From this point you perceive there is a route across the park to our destination, through the door there to the right, and another along the pretty flower-adorned corridor facing us. The latter we will follow. It will bring us to another flight of stairs and the third-class refreshment-room, where visitors may obtain an excellent dinner of cold meat and bread, with a temperate glass of beer, for ninepence—a great consideration to those who seek enjoyment without extravagance. Take a peep into the refreshment-room, and observe how conveniently it is arranged. Now ascend to the gallery above, conducting to the final ascent.

At length, as the reward of our pilgrimage, the shrine is attained. Is it not beautiful? Yet restrain your admiration, and move round slightly to the left, along by the small refreshment tables to the front of yon splendid screen, covered with statues, each representing a sovereign of England. What an enchanting scene here meets the eye! A seemingly interminable vista opens, presenting innumerable gaily-dressed groups of visitors, promenading through lines of luxuriant foliage, intermingled with statuary, from behind which arise ranges of elaborately ornamented façades, and lofty, slender, parti-coloured columns, festooned and enwreathed with graceful climbing plants, springing from the ground, and shooting out from suspended baskets, lustrous with blossoms of every hue; while, high overarching all, is a crystal canopy, stained, as it were, with the mellow blue of the heavens, or sparkling with myriads of sunlight reflections. In the foreground, covered with white and purple and crimson water-lilies, is a sheet of water, from the midst of which springs the world-renowned crystal fountain, glittering with prismatic colours. The scene, in fact, look in whichever direction we may, displays features of beauty, magnificence, and interest, which cannot fail to inspire enthusiastic appreciation.

The main building, as seen from this point, is composed of a nave, more than a quarter of a mile long, 72 feet wide, and 104 feet high; of two side aisles, giving, with other arrangements, a general width to the Palace of about 312 feet; of three transepts, termed respectively the South, Central, and North—the South and North being each 336 feet long from east to west, and 72 feet from

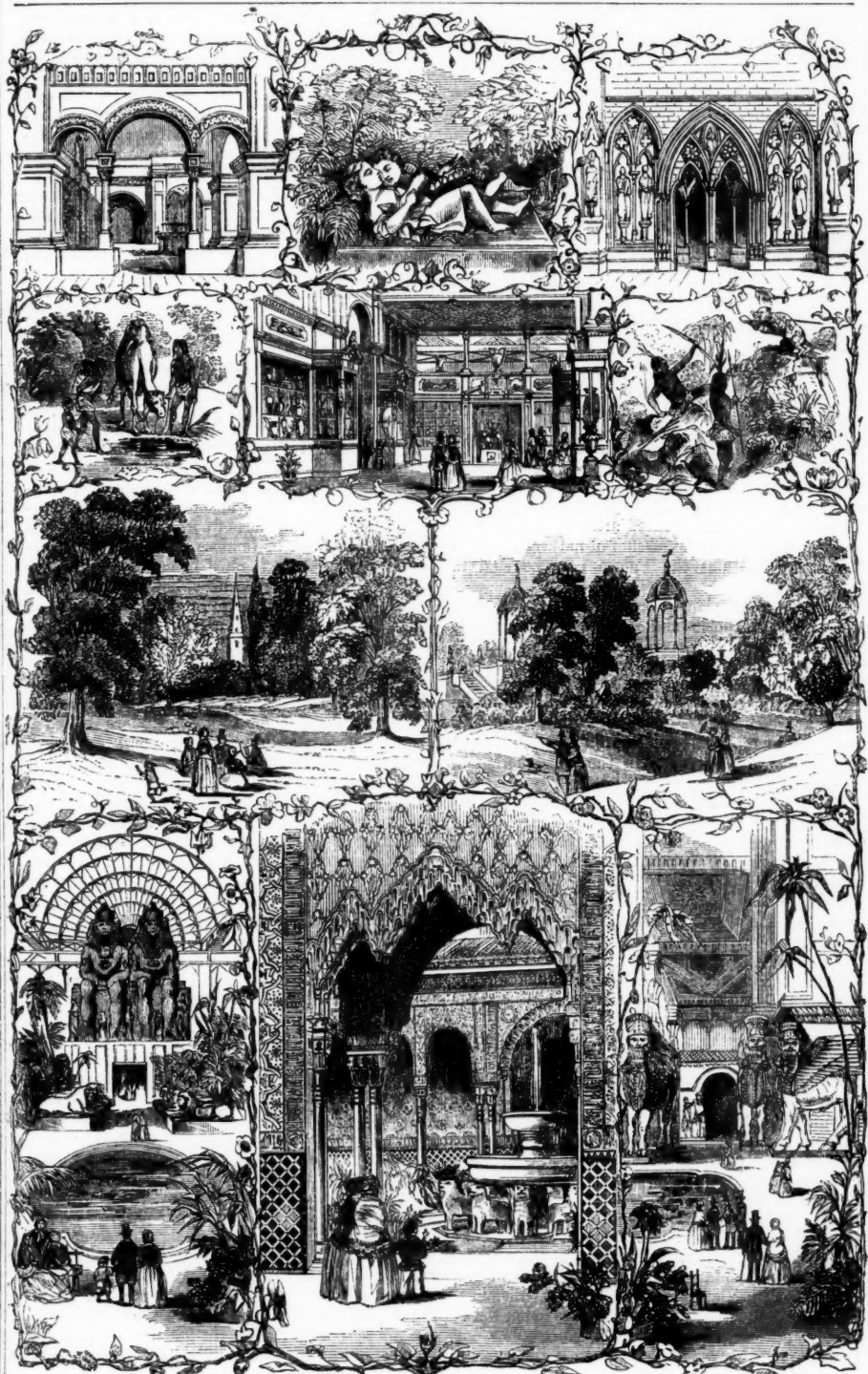
north to south; and the Central one 384 feet from east to west, 128 feet from north to south, and 168 feet high. Above each aisle are two galleries, which run entirely round the edifice; whilst above them, in certain quarters, are other galleries, from which particularly striking views of the interior and the peculiar construction of the edifice may be obtained. And, marvel of marvels, "the total length of columns," says the official guide-book, "employed in the construction of the main building and wings, would extend, if laid in a straight line, to a distance of sixteen miles and a quarter. The total weight of iron used in the main building and wings amounts to 9641 tons, 17 cwt., 1 qr. The superficial quantity of glass used is 25 acres; and if the panes were laid side by side, they would extend to a distance of 48 miles; if end to end, to the almost incredible length of 242 miles." To which may be added the further marvel, that on the edifice and its appurtenances, the park, etc., not much less than a million and a half sterling has been expended. This series of facts, combined with what we see around us, evinces a truly amazing amount of cost and skill in design, and taste in execution—all, too, bestowed on a shilling exhibition for the people, and renders the establishment one without a parallel.

Looking down the nave, from where we are standing, we face the north, and therefore have the east on our right hand, and the west on our left. Lying immediately on either hand, occupying the eastern and western ends of the South Transept, is the ethnological and natural history department of the Palace. Commencing our tour of inspection here, with the western portion of the department, or that referring to the New World, we find ourselves amongst highly interesting and instructive representations of the human and brute creations of North and South America, so grouped as to display their ways and habits, and, as far as possible, the scenery and vegetation of their *locale*. The neighbouring glass-cases contain specimens of beautiful American birds, of North American river-animals, and of West Indian corals, sponges, and molluscules, as found assembled together at the bottom of the sea. Everything about us is, in fact, wonderfully characteristic. Look, for instance, at these groups of Indians—some asleep, others at work—just as they might be seen in their native lands. Now observe this graphic representation of the polar bear and other arctic animals "at home," amidst icebergs and the bleak desolateness of the North Pole, all so truthfully displayed that we need but travel five miles from London to be able to obtain a perfect idea of one of the most striking scenes of nature, existing thousands of miles away, and only accessible to the human eye under circumstances of the greatest difficulty and danger.

We have now passed out of the South Transept into what is termed the Pompeian Court, and the southern end of the western aisle. Imagining that this Court incloses, as it assumes to do, a real Pompeian house, this airy uncovered portion is the *atrium*, or outer court of the edifice, used for the reception of visitors. Those small rooms surrounding it are bed-chambers—cell-like looking places, to be sure, but in the days of the Pompeians, and under their sultry clime, doubtless adapted to their

\* The multiplicity of objects in the Crystal Palace is found so perplexing to ordinary visitors, that this paper has been prepared with a view to furnish a clue to seeing, in an orderly manner, in one visit, its principal features.





A TABLEAU OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE. ■

requirements, especially as there is reason to believe that they did not regularly go to bed, as we do, in a four-post bedstead, but merely threw themselves upon a small couch, and made their toilets next day in their bath-rooms—requiring, therefore, no space in their sleeping apartments for toilet conveniences, nor for aught beyond the couch, and, it may be, an occasional yawn and stretch of the arms on arising, idly inclined. Through the open side of this *atrium* we see the state-room of the house, its columned garden, and dining-room; the whole attesting, by their decorations, the cultivated taste and art proficiency that once existed in Pompeii, the overthrown city, whose intellectual cultivation was sadly in contrast with its moral depravation.

Succeeding this revival of the works of an obliterated race on this side of the Palace, and inviting our further progress, are compartments, styled the Sheffield, Birmingham, and Stationery Industrial Courts, the News Room, the Central Transept, and the Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Alhambra, and Assyrian Fine Arts Courts, each of which we shall notice on our passage through it. Within, between, and behind the Industrial Courts, exhibitors' stands are placed, displaying almost every description of manufactured articles, and forming part of the universal museum of natural and useful art productions the Palace may be said to contain.

Here we stand within the Sheffield Court, containing a choice and valuable assortment of Sheffield wares, and considered by many, on account of the exquisitely light and elegant arcade of arches forming its upper part, to be the most pleasing in appearance of all the Industrial Courts. They are composite Moresque Gothic in design, and iron in material; whilst iron and plate-glass are exclusively employed in the construction of the whole.

On leaving this Court, do not fail to notice the gorgeous-looking stand of gold, silver, and plated goods you will come upon; then, before entering the Birmingham Court, turn to the left, to pause and admire Bell's lovely marble group of the "Babes in the Wood;" for the sight of that alone is more than worth the cost of a visit to the Palace.

One of the most noteworthy features of this, the Birmingham Court, is its splendid façade of cast iron, in the English ornamental style of the seventeenth century—an appropriate characteristic, Birmingham being the chief seat of the application of iron to ornamental as well as useful purposes, interesting examples of which are to be seen spread around in profusion. Between the architectural peculiarities of this and the next, or Stationery Court, a marked difference exists—the latter being formed entirely of wood, ornamented in the cinque cento style. And see how different are the contents of the one and the other, yet intimately connected by a link obvious on reflection; for here are exhibited splendid specimens of costly book-binding, maps, prints, and stationery ware in general, which could not be produced without the aid of such implements and material as Birmingham chiefly manufactures and employs in her workshops. After what we have been feeding our minds upon, the Penny News Room (although ap-

parently a very superior place of the sort) can have no charms for us to-day, consequently we will pass on through the approaching groups of English and German sculpture into the great or Central Transept. Observe the noble span and vast height of its roof! No part of the building required so much skill to erect as this; and, unhappily, the valuable lives of several workmen were sacrificed during the process of erection. But as we shall have another opportunity of examining this portion of the building at our leisure, we will leave its multifarious attractions for the present, and press forwards into the Fine Arts Courts, bearing in mind that each of these Courts, with those immediately opposite to them, shows the state of the arts of architecture and sculpture, with reference to the country after which it is designated.

The first of the Fine Arts Courts before us is the Egyptian Court, presenting features awfully solemn, imposing, and mystical in character, as the remote ages of the world to which they carry the imagination back. Here also are models of both early and late Egyptian architecture, all displaying solidity, grandeur, and simplicity, indicative of the earliest periods of scientific construction, some being models of portions of temples and palaces, and some of tombs. Of much of the surrounding sculpture, it must be admitted that it is stiff and unnatural; perhaps, however, the result only of conventional requirements having been followed in its conception; and the whole of it denotes the heathen principles which animated the Egyptians of yore.

A glance suffices to show that we are now in the Greek Court; amongst the relics of a race differing greatly from the Egyptians, more refined in their conception of beauty of form and expression, and more ideal in the embodiment of their imaginings. Greek art is of the highest order—poetic, chaste, and elevated. No other country carried sculpture and architecture to so great a degree of perfection as Greece; and it would appear to be vain to hope to surpass the excellence it achieved. Hence its best works have justly become fixed standards of perfection, as regards grace, proportion, sentiment, and execution.

But here is an arch, seen nowhere else about this Court, because it is intended to indicate a change of architectural style, being that of the Romans; for though the arch was not first employed by them, as is proved by modern discoveries in Egypt and Assyria, they were the first people who adopted the general use of it in buildings, showing therein taste and discernment, as the greatest beauty and strength are alike its characteristics. This, the Roman Court entrance, presents, you perceive, a pleasing vista, formed of arches, and terminating at the Alhambra Court, towards which we will wend our way, gazing the while on the numerous objects of historic as well as art interest which lie along our path.

Now mark the wondrous change of scene that meets the eye! Ideal, graceful, and beautiful, as are the Greek and Roman creations of genius we have just been contemplating, still the surrounding Alhambra halls appear to be the offspring of the more poetic fancy. In gazing on them, a sense steals upon us of a different, if not superior,

race of producers—genii, gnomes, and fairies—beings accustomed only in their habitations to whatever excitingly attracted and gratified the senses; such as arches and roofs trimmed with exquisitely delicate fretwork; illuminated walls, covered with fanciful arabesque patterns; the fragrance of lovely flowers, and soft murmurings of air-cooling fountains. The halls represented are the Court of Lions, the Hall of Justice, and the stalactite roofed Hall of the Abencerrages; each in a manner conveying a perfect idea of the unsurpassable splendour of its multifarious decorations—a splendour, we fear, which will render the appearance of the North Transept, we are about to enter, somewhat cold and tame, although it represents tropical regions, and abounds in striking attractions, as witness this avenue of palms and sphinxes, forming an appropriate oriental-looking foreground to the gigantic figures towering above us.

The latter are sixty-five feet high, and are supposed to portray Rameses the Great, seated on a throne; the massive temple behind is Nubian, and for many reasons is fittingly located next to the Assyrian and Nineveh Court. It is but a few years since the originals, serving as models for this Court, were discovered; consequently these sculptured tablets, winged bulls, symbol-painted walls, and extraordinary effigies of combined human and brute beings, are fac-similes of newly resuscitated remains of the past; displaying likewise remarkable architectural and sculptural features, previously unknown to man for ages anterior to the Christian era. Examine them well, for they will impart to you many new and valuable ideas. The sculptured tablets are curiously-elaborated symbolic and pictorial representations of events full of the most singular and minute details, introduced therein to render them comprehensible as public records, or adapt them to serve the purposes of our modern written histories—the art of writing having been unknown to the Assyrians. Every figure about us here is typical of some incident or peculiarity connected with the histories of Assyria and Nineveh.

Gleamed upon by the huge watchful eyes of the noble pair of man-headed, winged bulls behind us, we have now arrived at the north or tropical end of the Palace, and stand amidst trees, and plants, and birds, familiar only to regions far away, and widely diverse from our own. From this end of the Palace a wing juts out, called the North Wing, containing a picture gallery. We will visit it, however, on another occasion, as we have enough before us to occupy our attention for the remainder of the day.

Onwards, then, to the architectural Fine Arts Courts, of which there are seven, not only containing an enormous mass of the finest architectural details, but a profusion of contemporaneous tombs and sculptures, all masterpieces of art. These three archings—note how charming the view through them!—lead into the Byzantine and Romanesque Court; the cloister to the right is Romanesque; the other objects are sufficiently explained by the inscriptions affixed to them; and as almost everything exhibited in the architectural Courts is similarly explained, if you will rest a while, we will endeavour to compress into a few

words, all that we think necessary to point out with regard to the series, and the other objects we shall meet with *en route* to our original starting-point.

To begin with our neighbour, the German Mediaeval Court: the guide-book speaking of it, says that it is devoted exclusively to examples of Gothic art and architecture in Germany; and, taken with the English and French Mediaeval Courts, it gives an excellent idea of the style and character of architecture in those three countries during the middle ages. Succeeding the German, is the English Mediaeval Court, containing splendid specimens of Norman early English, decorated and perpendicular styles of architecture, as well as a cloister, one of the gems of the Palace. Next occurs the French and Italian Mediaeval Court, the style of which, for the sake of instruction, should be compared with that of the preceding Courts, and of the adjoining Renaissance Court.

The latter-mentioned is a species of revival of the antique Roman, with florid modern accessories. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the Renaissance Court is the remarkable fac-simile it contains of the wonderful Florentine Ghiberti Gates. The Renaissance leads into the Elizabethan Court—a highly interesting one, as showing one of the superior deviations from the acknowledged original standard styles of architecture; as also, for the same reason, is the Italian Court, which succeeds it, and is modelled after the Farnese Palace in Rome.

On leaving the Italian Court, another maze of beautiful architectural and sculptural models will invite and repay inspection, as will also the Great Transept, the French Court, the newly-opened Ceramic Court, containing superb specimens of porcelain; the Glass Court, displaying the choicest description of fancy glass goods; the Musical Instruments Court; and, lastly, the Ethnological and Natural History Department, illustrating Asiatic, African, and Australian races of human beings and wild animals.

Long as our stroll has been, the delightful distractions attending it have brought us unfatigued to this, the Ceramic Court, which is so brilliant, so unique, and so complete in its appointments, that it irresistibly claims further comment. It contains the finest examples of pottery and porcelain, displaying art in form and decoration, and produced between the present period and remotest antiquity. The works of living manufacturers and Assyrian ware are brought together in these cases, united by a series of old Chelsea, Worcester, Wedgwood, Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, Vienna, Limoges, Mayolica, and other descriptions of ceramic productions, modern as well as ancient. This chain of art is formed with the greatest taste and discrimination, and nearly every link of it is worth its weight in gold. Gems, fruits, flowers, metals, gorgeous masses of colour, and the finest paintings, are imitated to perfection on plain or ornamental forms of the utmost purity and grace. The classic groups of Wedgwood ware are surpassingly fine; but where all is so perfect, individual taste alone can accord the palm of superiority to one portion of the display over any other. The value set upon one of these cases of groups by its proprietor is, we have heard, as much as £15,000;

single objects likewise being similarly highly valued, or at from 100 to nearly 2000 guineas.

Once more the small refreshment-tables meet the eye; but this time surrounded by hungry groups, satisfying their appetites with the dainties supplied for visitors who have not imitated our economic example, and brought their own refreshment with them. Yet the charges here are by no means extravagant; unlimited veal and ham pie, roast and boiled beef, salad and bread and cheese, for eighteenpence; pigeon-pie, or chicken with ham or tongue, for two shillings; jelly or pudding being sixpence extra. The knives and forks clattering here make, however, a less agreeable music than that of the band, which has now commenced playing. We will proceed, therefore, slowly down the line of the nave's ever-varying attractions, to the Orchestra, then rest a while and enjoy our lunch and the music together; but without having seen more than half of the interesting contents of the Palace—a portion, however, that, with a sight of the fountains, must content us on this occasion.

Hark! the gong sounds, announcing that the fountains are about to be displayed! We will view them to-day from the Terrace in front of the Palace, descending and proceeding thereto by the way of the Great Machinery department. This is an excellent place, exactly central, and affording a splendid prospect of a landscape considered to be one of the finest in the kingdom. See how its features are momentarily diversified by lines of light and shadow playfully darting across its rich masses of woodland, as though engaged chasing each other up hill and down dale in a summer's day pastime. Now the tallest fountain jets, like silver framework, divide the scene into compartments, vying with each other in loveliness. Higher and higher some of them rise, the others the while dancing merrily around them, making their own music. The gay sound of waters is heard, rushing and tossing gleefully about. There a lovely iris has formed across the spreading sheet of the centre tall jet; and mark how the ladies are wildly fleeing hither and thither to save their pretty dresses from being soaked with envious spray—a diversion which amused even our gracious Queen on the day (the 18th of last June) of the first display of the complete fountain system. Ah! that was a beauteous sight. On the high ridge of ground there, just above the large lakes, thousands of spectators were ranged, grouped round a mass of brilliant scarlet uniforms, the ladies' lively-coloured dresses making the green sward beneath shine as if flower-enamelled; along the pathways winding amongst the trees and shrubberies, and surrounding the water basins, were lines of more gay company, whilst numerous detached groups stood dotted about the lawns in every direction. But the great feature of the fête was our Queen, who, accompanied by her guests, husband, and family, graciously condescended to be driven slowly through the ground, and bestowed her sweet, never-to-be-forgotten smile on one and all, creating in every breast the impression that she is the most fascinating of women, as well as loveable of sovereigns. During her progress, the air continuously rang with grateful huzzas, and when the new great fountains spouted

forth their enormous liquid columns (the cascades pouring their sparkling crested volumes into the lakes); and when the sun gleamed out, as it did at the moment, with brighter beams, and the winds broke the aspiring waters into sheets of silvery mist, the scene, as you may imagine, became almost overpoweringly exciting.

Well, we have told our tale; the fountains have ceased playing, and we think it time to be wending homewards. Our course shall be across the grounds to yonder doorway at the end of the south wing of the Palace, and leading to the trains. Take a passing glance at the tastefully laid-out park, and lovely scenery beyond, now becoming more and more tenderly illuminated by the declining sun, whose rays are gradually producing an increasingly softening gloom, beautifully expressive of day melting away. On our route to our dear home we will recall the unlimited sources of useful and interesting knowledge we have been exploring, and bestow a grateful thought upon those whose exertions have enabled us to enjoy an ever-memorable day of pleasure at the Crystal Palace. To-morrow let us work all the brisker for our holiday.

#### MY ONLY LEGACY.

A CONSIDERABLE class of the community, if we may judge from the representations of life which are given in works that profess to delineate popular character, seem to be open to the charge of legacy-hunting; and many young people, as we know, are lured from close application to business by the expectation of a speedy stroke of fortune visiting them in the shape of a testamentary bequest by some rich relation, near or distant. For both classes I have, I hope, a word of instruction in the story of "My only Legacy."

Some people appear to come into the world for the sole purpose of being the recipients of other people's bounty. Godfathers and godmothers enrich them in their swaddling-clothes—foundations educate them—nepotism pushes them forward in life—official salaries maintain them—and the dart of gloomy death, by a succession of onslaughts upon the family circle, heaps up wealth, honours, and influence upon their heads. I am not one of that sort. I was not "born with a silver spoon in my mouth," nor exactly "with a wooden ladle." The only present that I distinctly recollect having received, was one given me as a help towards housekeeping. The reader would never guess what the present was, so I'll tell him. It was a tinder-box—flint, steel, burnt rags, and all, ready to kindle the fire at our domestic hearth. It came just in the nick of time to be of no use; for lucifer matches came into the world with my marriage banns, and were selling at fifty a penny on the very day of the ceremony. The tinder-box stood on the kitchen shelf for a year or two, and then, not seeing the wisdom of keeping a machine of shining tin for the sole purpose of being periodically scoured and polished by our "bit of a girl," my wife threw it into the dust-bin. The act was rash, and I have regretted it since, because, had the box been preserved as a curiosity, it would have become a veritable antiquity by this time.



My aunt, who thus made me my only present, also left me my only legacy. The dear, kind friend that she was, had not much to leave. For long years before her death, her little all had been melted down into an annuity of exactly threescore pounds a year, of which I verily believe she devoted a full third to charities, administered by her own hands, and yet lived like a lady, as she was, on the remainder. When she died, her little leavings were portioned out, according to her bequest, among at least twenty surviving relatives, by all of whom she wished to be gratefully remembered. But I was the chief favourite, and to me fell the grand harpsichord, which had been the glory of her youthful days, and in the handling of which, when a boy under her instruction, I had first imbibed a love of complicated harmonies.

When the trustees administered the will, the goods had to be appraised, in order to deduct the legacy duty. The harpsichord was valued at twenty-five guineas; and having paid the percentage on this sum, my next care was to get the instrument packed and forwarded to my London home. The hire of a case, the packing, the carriage, and my own journeys to and fro, altogether ate up a ten-pound note before the legacy was fairly housed. Then came a little disappointment; my dear wife looked askance at the huge thing, which monopolized one-third of our small parlour—which compelled her to walk sideways in a journey from the fireside to the window, and which had put a permanent and effectual stop to our opening the door to more than a third of the full width. She compared it to a reel in a glass bottle, and laughingly wondered how it had got in, and whether it would ever get out. But she liked to hear me play upon it; and when, on quiet evenings, alone together, we sung over again the grand old chants and psalms of the day, she had nothing but kind thoughts for the antiquated instrument and the kind-hearted testatrix.

By-and-by, however, Mr. Jones, who lived in the first floor overhead, brought home a new cottage piano, the sweetest little thing imaginable to look at, and so clear, fluty, and French-horn-like in its tones, that we could not think of attempting a rivalry by playing our harpsichord. In fact, the faintest note of it now began to set our teeth on edge, and we wondered how we could ever have tolerated such a nuisance.

"Suppose you sell it, my dear," said my wife one night, as I gazed ruefully at the incumbrance. She did but give a voice to my own thoughts.

"Who will buy it?" I asked.

"Oh, it can be sold by auction, you know. It must be worth five-and-twenty guineas, according to the appraiser's valuation, and even if it brings something less, would it not be better to part with it, and buy a neat little piano?"

I agreed that it would, and resolved to change the harpsichord, even at a sacrifice, for a piano as good as his.

Next morning, on my way to the office, I called upon an auctioneer, and, stating my business, requested him to send for the article, and dispose of it at his earliest convenience and to the best advantage. He sent for it in the course of the day, and I knew by the smiling face of my wife, as she ran to let me in in the evening, that it was gone.

What a relief it was to be able to walk round the parlour table once more, and swing one's cat, so to speak, on one's own premises! and to get back the two mahogany chairs which had been banished to the bedroom, and be comfortable again!

I never liked doing a thing by halves, and, having saved a little money, I put thirty pounds in my pocket next day, and, hurrying to a dealer's, bought a cottage piano, as good as new, for a trifle under that sum, and had it at once sent home, with the bill receipted, to surprise my wife.

In the evening she pouted a little at my extravagance; but I soon settled that, and, sitting down to the six-and-a-half octaves, startled my neighbour, Mr. Jones, with, as I thought, a masterly performance.

Our triumph was complete. Mr. Jones felt himself eclipsed, and only ventured to potter over his gamut, with closed doors, when I was absent at the office.

I never repented buying the piano, of which we both made a domestic friend and companion; but after a few weeks I saw reason to fear we might feel the want of the money it had cost, and began to be anxious for the sale of the harpsichord. I called upon the auctioneer. It had not been sold; it had been "put up" once or twice, he said, but an adequate sum had not been bid, and therefore it had not been sold. I called again and again, and month after month I heard nothing but the same tale repeated over and over. At length I grew ashamed of calling, and resolved to give them a long day before I troubled them again, particularly as a favourable turn had taken place in my affairs, and I had no longer reason to be solicitous as to what the sale of the instrument might produce.

Six months passed away; and though I had never forgotten the harpsichord, I had never mustered courage to face the auctioneer, and hear again the repetition of the old story; but one summer's evening, while strolling homewards by a circuitous route, I fancied that I recognised my aunt's old instrument among the heterogeneous contents of a broker's shop, and half buried in a crowd of tables, mirrors, sofas, and easy chairs. I sidled my way into the mass, and contrived to lift the old walnut-tree front. I was right. There, on the white satinwood that lined the case, was the old lady's well-known signature, "Margaret Gordon," in her own handwriting, and there was the date of her decease, in a line beneath, written by myself.

I had no longer the old story to anticipate from the auctioneer, and I called the next morning at his office to demand a settlement of the account. He was not within, but I was referred at once to the clerk.

"Harpsichord! harpsichord!" said he, in answer to my inquiries. "I don't recollect, but the books will show. Let me see. Ah! here it is; as you say, sent in in February last. Tim, hand me down the ledger! Now, then, page five two three. H'm! here's the account—not very satisfactory, I regret to say. You have six shillings to pay, sir."

"Six shillings to pay!—you're joking. Let me see the account."

The clerk coolly made me out a copy, and pre-

sented it with a business-like air. It was all undeniably correct: carriage, so much; warehousing, so much; cataloguing and putting up, so much; percentage on final sale, so much—total, £2 11s.; proceeds, £2 5s. Five from eleven, and six remains, is the plainest piece of arithmetic, and admits of no argument. I took the document, and handed over the six shillings—detecting, as I imagined, a faint demonstration of surprise in the face of the clerk as he received it, and dropped it into the round wooden bowl on his desk.

Such is the history of my only legacy; and not being what is called a gentleman of expectations, I may be allowed to feel thankful that I am not likely to be perplexed with another.

### "O, BEAUTIFUL SUN!"

SUCH was the exclamation of a poor child belonging to the commune of Sièyes, in the Lower Alps, while tending her flock on the 8th of July, 1842. What led the lone one thus to apostrophise the luminary? It was a bright and lovely hour all over the southern provinces of France, Germany, and Russia, with the north of Italy. Though early—scarcely past six o'clock in the morning—the sun had risen high in heaven, dissipating the vapours, and promised to reign in unclouded splendour throughout the day. But gradually his light darkened, until it suddenly disappeared, and a black orb took the place of his glowing disc, while a mysterious gloom invested every object. Terrified by the circumstance, the child began to weep, and called loudly for help. Her cries speedily brought some friends to the spot, but they were in an almost equal state of alarm. Tears were still flowing, when the luminary again sent forth an enlivening ray, which instantly divested the landscape of its unnatural and apparently portentous aspect. Reassured by the returning radiance, the child involuntarily crossed her hands and exclaimed, in the *patois* of the district, "O, beau soleil!" (O, beautiful sun!) A total solar eclipse had come and gone; but no information of the event had reached the secluded rustics to prepare them for it. Hence the terror of the shepherdess and the alarm of the peasantry.

Many eyes watched the sun on the morning in question; perhaps more than had ever gazed upon him before at the same time. The lunar shadow then travelled over a part of Europe which is most thickly studded with crowded cities; and though solar eclipses are of common occurrence, yet a total one depends upon the conjunction of so many circumstances, that the spectacle happens only on very rare occasions, even anywhere on the surface of the earth. Especially at the same place, or within convenient distance of it, are the opportunities of observing the phenomenon few and far between, so that entire astronomical lives have passed away without the gratification of the sight. Halley, in a paper on the total eclipse of the sun, which happened at London on the 3rd of May, 1715—the reign of George I.—remarked that there had not previously occurred a similar event, visible in that city, since the 20th of March, 1140—the reign of Stephen—an interval of five hundred and seventy-five years. Eagerly therefore did men

of science repair to spots within the track of the lunar shadow favourable for observation, as the time approached for the eclipse to which we are referring. Arago awaited its occurrence at Perpignan; M. Valz, at Marseilles; M. Petit, at Montpellier; M. Carlini, at Milan; M. Piola, at Lodi; MM. Santini and Conti, at Padua; MM. Schumacher and Littrow, at Vienna; MM. Otto Struve and Schidlowsky, at Lipesk; Miss Pinnaud and Boisgeraud, at Toulouse; while of our own countrymen, Mr. Baily posted himself at Pavia, and Professor Airy was stationed at the Superga, near Turin.

A partial solar eclipse, however considerable, gives not the faintest idea of what a total one is, as to the obscuration, the chill, and the altered physiognomy of heaven and earth. One visible in Scotland, in 1433, was long remembered by the people of that country as the "Black Hour;" and another, in 1598, was similarly commemorated as the "Black Saturday," by the inhabitants of the border counties. In 1842, the dimness which blotted the fair fields of Italy was very sensible and most peculiar. The planet Mars, with Aldebaran, Capella—two stars of the constellation Gemini—and others, shone out. At Venice, the citizens remarked, with reference to a steamer on the Lagoon, that the column of smoke from the funnel ceased to be visible, rendering the sparks of fire which accompanied it very distinct and striking. The obscurity had a wan and livid hue—a shade of greyish olive—which seemed to throw over nature an air of appalling sickness, and imparted to the human countenance an aspect painful to contemplate. The heavens appeared of a greyish violet; horses and other animals employed in the fields halted all at once when the eclipse became total, and obstinately refused to move; but, on the other hand, it was a well-ascertained fact that horses in the diligences jogged on without seeming to be at all affected by the phenomenon. At Montpellier the bats, thinking that night was come, left their retreats; an owl was seen to leave the church tower of St. Peter, and fly over part of the town; the swallows disappeared; the fowls went to roost; a herd of cattle, feeding in a field, formed themselves into a circle, their heads directed outwards, as if to resist an attack; and several plants, which usually shut up their leaves at night, were observed to close.

It is but for a comparatively brief period that the sun is wholly hidden behind the dark body of the moon. The totality lasts only from two to three minutes, even at places close to the centre of the lunar shadow. All that is popularly impressive in the spectacle is confined to this interval; for so long as the smallest portion of the lustrous orb is visible, there is considerable light. Nature simply looks sobered and saddened till the moment of total obscuration arrives. Then the diminution of light becomes strongly marked, and stamps a strange spectre-like aspect upon the appearance of every object—sky, clouds, trees, mountains, streams, buildings, animals, and man—producing an effect which is unexpected, sublime, and even appalling. At Vienna, the whole population was early on the alert, few remaining within doors but the invalid or infirm. Thousands thronged the ramparts of the city. Schumacher (from Den-

mark) occupied the tower of the Observatory alone. Littrow, a local astronomer, was in the spacious inclosure of the Botanical Garden, at the head of a small knot of *savans*, with a few privileged visitors and one lady. A mound, at the extremity of the garden, amply provided with all sorts of telescopes and chronometers, was the head-quarters of the philosophers. It commanded an extensive sweep of sky and landscape—the long line of crowded ramparts on the one hand, with the city and the blue Carpathian Mountains beyond it in the distance on the other. As the critical moment of totality approached, Littrow politely requested the lady to withdraw from the mound with the non-professionals, and directed his assistant to begin to count aloud from a chronometer, in order to ascertain the precise instant of complete immersion. The hum of the multitude subsided, and the birds ceased to sing. Perfect stillness reigned, with the exception of the *ein, zwey, drei*, etc. of the reckoner, and a heavy bell, which happened to be tolling in the city, as if the death-knell of the sun. Every spectator was subdued during the important interval, and felt as if relieved from some indefinable cause of anxiety when it passed away. Equally startling and remarkable was the change upon the first re-appearance of the solar ray, as it rushed out suddenly and with brilliant effect from the upper limb of the overshadowed orb. The next instant the day was restored to nature, the birds began to resume their joyous movements, and shouts of enthusiastic applause broke from the before awe-struck multitude. In spite of the teachings of science, a feeling of lively satisfaction which no one sought to repress or moderate, succeeded to one of melancholy, as though something had been recovered in danger of being lost.

The fidelity with which this widely-observed eclipse answered to previous calculations respecting the time of its occurrence, made a powerful impression upon the popular mind with reference to the advanced state of science, and the regularity which marks the great clock-work of the universe in its movements. At Milan and Pavia the populace gave vent to their feelings in a general *Huzzah! vivent les astronomes!* Vast is the empire of the sun, extending to a train of planets, comets, asteroids, and moons, which by unerring laws he sustains in space, holds in subjection, exercising over them, if we may judge from effects sensible to ourselves, a benignant, kindly, and exhilarating influence. Ignorant nations have idolized the luminary, philosophers have striven to unfold his economy, and poets have celebrated the brightness of his beams; but no tribute more striking was ever offered to the monarch of our skies than the peasant child's expression, alike legitimate, unaffected, and truthful, "O, beau souleau!" (O, beautiful sun!) as the solar radiance returned.

#### THE TRUE BOND OF FAMILIES.

Most salutary is Family Worship as a means of promoting domestic happiness, and adding to the attractions of home. It is something to bring the members of a family together twice a day. For in proportion as the subjects of mutual obligation live apart, they will cease to care for one another.

No customs of society are laudable or safe which tend, in any considerable degree, to separate parents from children and brothers from sisters. All such customs go to weaken that sense of mutual dependence, which is commingled, as a vital element, with the domestic affections. Love must be on the wane in any house the inmates of which rarely meet together. But in the case we are contemplating, they are not merely convened morning and evening to look each other in the face, or to hold a familiar talk; they assemble to engage in one of the most tender and impressive of all services. To listen, as a family, to the counsels of inspired wisdom; to sing in unison their hymns of praise, and bow down together before the throne of grace, and follow the hallowed accents of a father's voice while he presents, as the revered priest of his household, their common confessions, supplications, thanksgivings, and intercessions. Can you wonder that a service like this should have enkindled the enthusiasm of one of the sweetest of poets, who, though his own worst enemy, could never forget the daily worship of his father's house? You must be too familiar with his vivid description of it to make it necessary to quote more than one of the closing stanzas.

"Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,  
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;  
Hope 'springs triumphant on exulting wing,  
That thus they all shall meet in future days:  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise  
In such society yet still more dear,  
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Is it possible to conceive of a service better adapted than this to repress all jealousies and envies, to drive away the gloomy vapours of moroseness, to restore serenity to every clouded brow, to burnish the chain of affection, and diffuse an air of cheerfulness through the house? If there is a transient interruption of conjugal cordiality, can the coolness survive the family prayer? If there are heart-burnings among the children, will they not dissolve like snow in the sun as the petition goes up, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?" If misfortune has come down upon them, will they not cling the more closely to each other as they pour their common sorrows into the ear of their common Father? If they are enriched with unlooked-for blessings, will they not feel them to be the more precious as they present their united thank-offering to the Giver of all good?

But I must not detain you with this animating theme. Let me rather invite you to prove for yourselves the efficacy of Family Worship as a help to domestic happiness. Let it be your first care to rear an altar to God, if your house is without one—to repair your altar, if it has fallen into decay.

And by this and every other means which God has placed within your reach, strive to prepare yourselves and those who are dearest to you for a better world. Give the BIBLE the place in your families to which it is entitled, and then, through the unsearchable riches of Christ, make a household among you may hereafter realize that most blessed consummation, and appear a WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN!—*The Bible in the Family.*

## Varieties.

**THE OSTRICH.**—The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of a lion as occasionally to deceive even the natives. It is usually heard early in the morning, and at times also at night. The strength of the ostrich is enormous. A single blow from its gigantic foot (it always strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay, to kill, many beasts of prey, such as the hyena, the panther, the wild dog, the jackal, and others. The ostrich is exceedingly swift of foot; under ordinary circumstances outrunning a fleet horse. "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider." On special occasions, and for a short distance, its speed is truly marvellous, perhaps not much less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length between each stride is not unfrequently twelve to fourteen feet. Indeed, if we are to credit the testimony of Mr. Adamson, who says he witnessed the fact in Senegal, such is the rapidity and muscular power of the ostrich, that, even with two men mounted on his back, he will outstrip an English horse in speed! The ostrich, moreover, is long-winded, if I may use the expression; so that it is a work of time to exhaust the bird. The food of the ostrich, in its wild state, consists of seeds, tops, and buds of various shrubs and other plants; but it is often difficult to conceive how it can manage to live at all, for one not unfrequently meets with it in regions apparently destitute of vegetation of any kind.—*Anderson's Africa.*

**PERSIAN RULE OF FAITH.**—The Persian muleteer is most exacting in his observance of the exterior forms of his religion, which, however, is rather a proof his hypocrisy than his morality, for I am convinced that, generally speaking, he more often prays to God to help him to cheat and pilfer his customers, than to entreat his assistance in keeping him in the right path. But, be this as it may, it is curious to see them, at the hour of prayer, running in front of the caravan to go through these forms. Sometimes there is no water with which to perform their ablutions. In that case, a handful of earth serves the purpose of purification—dirt, not water! With this they rub their faces and hands, and, reciting their *namaz* like so many parrots, and in a language which they don't understand, resume their journey. When forms are strictly performed, and they rigidly observe the fast of the Ramazan, they think they have a right to commit every species of rascality and crime, and without being in any way called upon to give an account, either in this world or in the next. This does not apply to muleteers only, but it may be said to be the Persian rule of faith; everything for their creed and nothing for morals.—*Ferrier's Caravan Journeys and Wanderings.*

**JAPANESE WRESTLERS.**—While contemplating some substantial evidences of Japanese generosity, the attention of all was suddenly rivetted upon a body of monstrous fellows, who tramped down the beach like so many huge elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the princes, who kept them for their private amusement and for public entertainment. They were some twenty-five in number, and were men enormously tall in stature, and immense in weight of flesh. Their proprietors, the princes, seemed proud of them, and were careful to show their points to the greatest advantage before our astonished countrymen. Some two or three of these huge monsters were the most famous wrestlers in Japan, and ranked as the champion Tom Cribbs and Hyers of the land. Koyanagi, the reputed bully of the capital, was one of them, and paraded himself with the conscious pride of superior immensity and strength. He was especially brought to the commodore, that he might examine his massive form. The commissioners insisted that he should be minutely inspected, that the hardness of his well-rounded muscles should be felt, and that the fatness of his cushioned frame should be tested by the touch.—*Perry's Japan.*

**OLD FASHIONS.**—The London charity school girls wear the mob-cap and long gloves of the time of Queen Anne. In the brass badge of the cab and omnibus men we see a

retention of the dress of the Elizabethan retainers; while the shoulder-knots that once decked an officer now adorn a footman. He also carries the cane which was borne by ladies and physicians in our time. (Several canes are preserved in the College of Physicians in Pall-mall East; and one of the last who bore a gold-headed cane was the late Dr. Baillie.) The sailors' dress of the era of William III is now seen amongst our fishermen. The University dress is as old as the age of the Smithfield martyrs. The linen bands of the pulpit and the bar are abridgments of the falling collar. The butchers' blue is a guild uniform.—*Notes and Queries.*

**IRON AND COAL BEDS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.**—In the United States there are (says the *Rochester American*) 160,000 square miles of coal beds; in Great Britain, less than 12,000. The proportions of iron are about the same. The coal and iron which she possesses are the source of nearly all the power of the British empire. Iron forms the body, and coal the soul of her strength; iron the nerve and sinew, but coal the vital heat and energy that puts the whole in motion. The iron fingers of her machinery spin the most delicate and cunning laces, and the iron arms of her shafts move with huge force, accomplishing the labour of hundreds of millions of men; but it is the carbon of her coal that has imparted life-like force and direction to the cold, hard metal, and thus enabled England, while only having to support a population of 25,000,000, to perform an amount of physical labour more than equal to that of all the human beings in the world, unaided by machinery. All the teeming swarms of her Indian possessions, consuming as they do and must, perform not half the valuable labour for the world that her coal, generating the motive power of steam, is momentarily effecting. This it is that rears all the wealth of British manufacturers and the peaceful arts of industry, and that enables her to carry so easily her unheard-of public debt, fight battles all over the world, and conduct campaigns to a successful issue, in spite of her numerical feebleness.

**THE BARBER IN AMERICA.**—The barber's shop is an indispensable adjunct to every American hotel. Indeed, the delight the natives seem to take in being in the barber's hands appears to be a characteristic of our transatlantic brethren. I determined to indulge in the whole process in all its luxury, and resigned myself into the hands of one of the assistants in "Phalon's Hair-dressing Saloon." Some twenty persons can be attended to here at once, and the room is fitted up in the most gorgeous style. The floor is a mosaic of black and white marble. The walls are lined with mirrors, the divisions of the glass and frame being gilded. The apparatus is of silver. The chairs are most luxurious—great arm-chairs, with a rest for the head and another for the feet, at an angle, the ease of which is perfect. Placed in one of these chairs, I went through the pleasing process of hair-cutting, and was then transferred to a seat opposite a fountain, edged round with porcelain basins. Then, from a bottle, the operator poured upon my head some stuff which was more cooling than odorous. This he worked up into a great lather, and then directed on my pate a jet first of hot water and next of cold, the contrast of which tingled to my very toes. Having dried my hair with numerous towels, he returned me to my first most easy seat, and finished me up with grease, scent, and pale rum, concluding the luxurious operation with a demand for half a dollar. Many a time after, when we arrived wearied and begrimed with dust and smoke from a long journey, did a hot bath and the barber refresh us, and put us in condition to make more use of our time than, but for their aid, an exhausted *physique* would have permitted.—*Ferguson's America, by River and Rail.*

**AVOID GAMBLING.**—Let every man avoid all sorts of gambling as he would poison. A poor man or boy should not allow himself even to toss up for a halfpenny, for this is often the beginning of a habit of gambling; and this ruinous crime comes on by slow degrees. Whilst a man is minding his work, he is playing the best game, and he is sure to win. A gambler never makes good use of his money, even if he should win.